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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF

FRANK WELCH

FEBRUARY 21ST AND 25TH 1879.

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Frank Welch.

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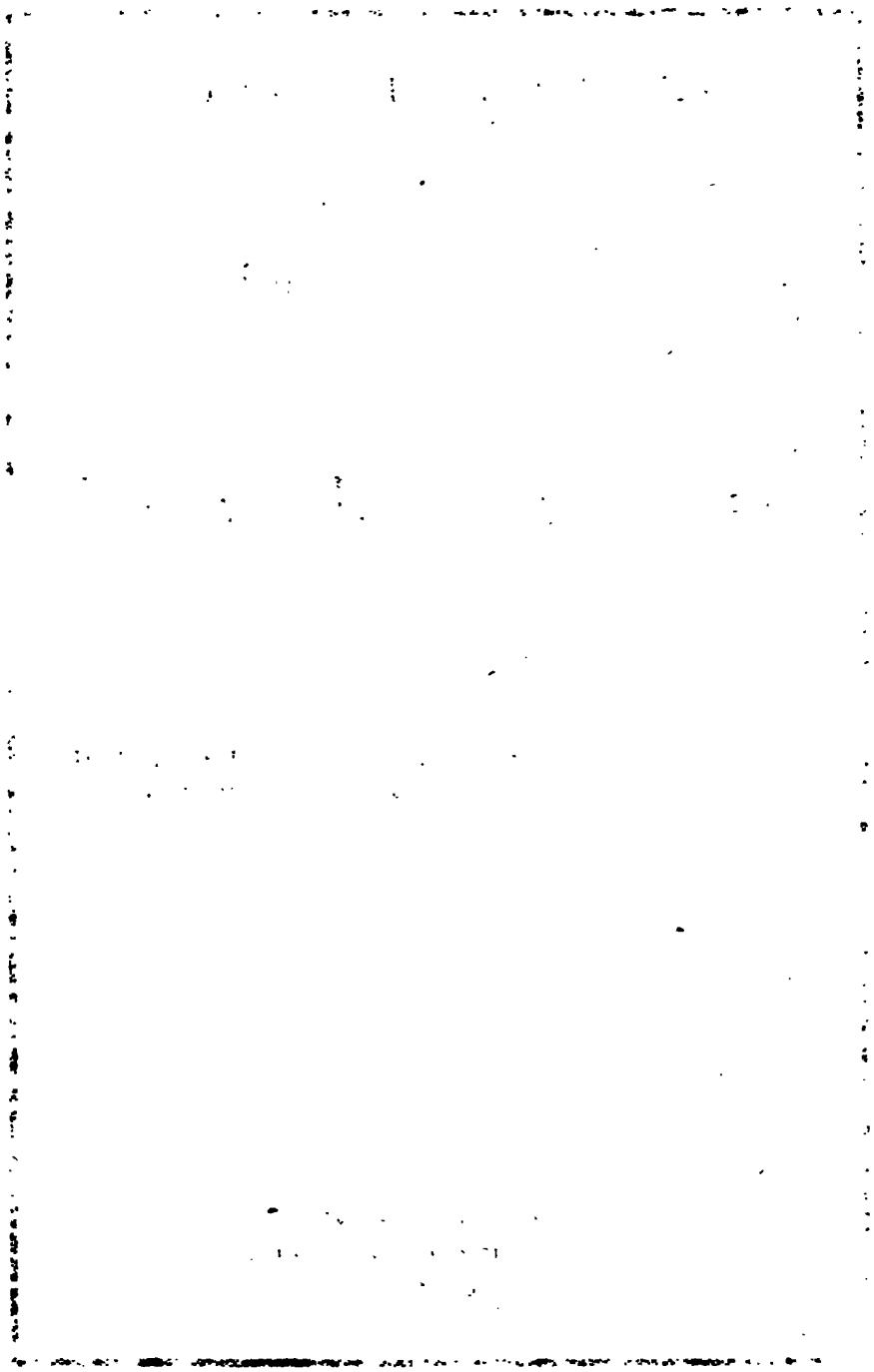

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

FRANK WELCH,

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM NEBRASKA),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,
FORTY-FIFTH CONGRESS, THIRD SESSION.

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1879.

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FORTY-FIFTH CONGRESS, THIRD SESSION.

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES,
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *February* 27, 1879.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (*the Senate concurring*), That there be printed twelve thousand copies of the memorial addresses delivered in the Senate and House of Representatives upon the life and character of the late FRANK WELCH, late a Representative from the State of Nebraska; of which nine thousand shall be for the use of the House and three thousand for the use of the Senate.

Attest:

GEO. M. ADAMS, *Clerk.*

AN ACT providing for the engraving and printing of portraits to accompany memorial addresses on the late Representatives Leonard, Quinn, Welch, Williams, Douglas, Hartridge, and Schleicher.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to cause to be engraved and printed portraits of the late Representatives Leonard, Quinn, Welch, Williams, Douglas, Hartridge, and Schleicher, to accompany memorial addresses delivered in the Senate and House of Representatives in honor of the said deceased Representatives, and to defray the expenses thereof the necessary sum is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, such sum to be immediately available.

Approved, March 3, 1879.

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ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF FRANK WELCH.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

FEBRUARY 19, 1879.

On motion of Mr. SAPP, by unanimous consent,

Ordered, That the memorial services in honor of the late FRANK WELCH, late a Representative from the State of Nebraska, be held to-morrow evening, at the session heretofore ordered by the House.

FEBRUARY 21, 1879.

Mr. MAJORS. I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That this House has heard with profound regret of the death of Hon. FRANK WELCH, late a Representative from the State of Nebraska.

Resolved, That the House do now suspend the consideration of public business, in order to pay proper respect to the memory of the lamented deceased.

Resolved, That in token of regard for the memory of the lamented deceased, the members of this House do wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That the Chief Clerk of the House do communicate these resolutions to the Senate of the United States.

Resolved, That out of further respect to the memory of the deceased this House do now adjourn.

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Address of Mr. Majors, of Nebraska.

Mr. Speaker: At nine o'clock in the evening of September 4, 1878, at Neligh, Nebraska, Hon. Frank Welch departed this life, the victim of a paralytic stroke. He died in his chair, away from home and family. He was surrounded by warm and dear friends, but no wife, no relative was near to utter words of cheer as he passed into the dark valley. More than a year ago the warning stroke came, which, while it did not blast, yet so affected his stalwart frame that he never fully recovered his wonted health and vigor.

Possessing a sanguine disposition, and trusting to the recuperative energies of his nature, he refused to spare himself, and entered upon and continued his labors in this body with characteristic ardor and energy. When he returned home last July his changed appearance was marked by his acquaintances, and caused his friends no little anxiety. It was thought that the pure and bracing air of his western home, together with needed rest and recreation, would bring back the luster to his cheek and restore vigor to his frame. But when hope ran highest, when least expected, the lightning again descended and consumed the life that was left, remembering that—

> 'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
> From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
> From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
> O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

Mr. Welch died in the meridian of life, at the period of his great usefulness as a citizen and public servant. With large capacity for usefulness; with wide, varied experience in public affairs, and great responsibilities on his shoulders, at a time when his influence was sweeping into a broader arena, when the fervor of youth was still in his blood, the shadowy hand beckoned him to his journey across the dark continent to the land beyond the sun.

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In the beautiful and expressive language of a former member of this body:

> We complain that the divine sickle could not wait for its human harvest until the whitened and bending heads should incline with the weight of years toward the earth which was destined to receive them.

As Mr. WELCH'S successor it becomes my duty, as his friend it is my privilege, to hold up to public view the record of a life which has in it much that is praiseworthy and little that can be censured. Mr. WELCH was born in Massachusetts in 1835. In childhood his family removed to Boston, where Mr. WELCH received his education. Adopting the profession of engineering, he came West in 1857 to assist in running the line of a projected railway across Iowa, the terminus of which was to be on the east bank of the Missouri. In 1863 he married, in Boston, Miss Elizabeth Butts, of Hudson, New York. In the mean time he engaged in the mercantile business, which resulted disastrously. At various times he represented his section of country in the Territorial and State legislatures, and in 1865 was president of the upper house. In 1871 he was appointed register of the land office at West Point, Nebraska, which position he held until 1876. In the fall of 1876 his claims were pressed with such enthusiasm by his friends that he received at the hands of the Republican State convention the nomination for member of Congress, and after a spirited contest was elected by an overwhelming majority.

Mr. WELCH entered Congress in the prime of manhood, when the play of his pulse was still healthful, representing as large an expanse of country as all New England, and a population of over three hundred thousand. The demands upon his time and strength were incessant. The extension of the postal service and keeping up the efficiency of the Federal Government to a level with the needs and wants of a growing State required his constant attention. Nebraska may have had in this body in other days men of greater talent, men of broader culture, yet it is doubtful whether any of her Representa-

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tives ever served her with such fidelity and tireless industry as Mr. WELCH.

Mr. WELCH was, indeed, a representative man. Though educated in the Athens of America, yet he had lived so long in the West, almost a quarter of a century, that he might be called a child of the prairies. He had stood by the cradle when the young State was born; he had grown with its growth; his name was in some measure identified with its greatness. He knew the needs and wants of his people, and was in warm sympathy with their life and purposes. He took a pride in the State of his adoption, occupying the midway position between the far East and the far West, along which the life currents of immigration daily flow. He expected to see the dream of one of America's most gifted poets realized, "She is the prairie dame, that sitteth in the middle and looketh east and looketh west." Hence Mr. WELCH was peculiarly fitted to represent the people of my State in the national councils. Had he lived, it was the hope of his friends, and perhaps his own ambition, that his influence in public affairs, which had hitherto been confined to the limits of his own State, might sweep out into broader fields of usefulness; but "death's untimely frost" nipped the blossoming hopes of his friends and his own budding aspirations.

Mr. WELCH in public life was an eminently useful man. His influence was a positive force for good. He reached and controlled men in the most practical way. He was no orator. He possessed none of the graces of oratory which captivate and conquer public assemblies, yet when the occasion was imperative he could put his thoughts into the traces of compact expression and utter his ideas with force and clearness. "Many are the friends of the golden tongue," says the Welsh proverb. FRANK WELCH, however, had many friends though he did not possess the golden tongue in the sense used. Without marked ability for public speaking, without great knowledge of that seasoned life of men stored up in books,

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and little of that ripe culture which comes from meditation in the closet, yet Mr. WELCH was an influential man.

He had mingled with and been jostled by men upon the dust-swept highway of business life; he had been in close contact with those extreme types of character indigenous to frontier life. He had in his earlier life known men at the other extreme who had been under the intellectual sand-paper too long, and he had thereby acquired that practical talent, that ready adaptation of means to ends which reaches and controls men and often achieves success when a higher talent fails.

Mr. WELCH in private life was an exemplary man. He enjoyed life with the keenest zest. While he lived laborious days, yet he did not scorn delights of life. Mr. WELCH was a man of fine social powers; there was a genial magnetism in his presence, a certain heartiness in his greeting, a frankness and openness of manner that attracted men.

It was said of the late Lord Holland that he always came down to breakfast with the air of a man who had just met with some signal good fortune. Mr. WELCH possessed a like sunny disposition over which the clouds of gloom rarely if ever settled.

But it was in the sacred precincts of the home circle that his social nature shone with the pure luster. It was there that he gave utterance to the best thoughts of his best soul, and gave full play to the kindly emotions of the heart. Upon his hearth-stone the fires of domestic happiness always burned brightly. In his home, where peace, love, and happiness were enthroned, he found both an incentive to his ambition and rest from his exciting public labors.

But the seal of death has been placed upon his life before it had attained the ripeness of age. The reed has been broken by an untimely wind. A useful man, an active and vigilant public servant, an ornament to society has retreated from the din and turmoil of life to the realms beyond.

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It remains for us to move upon the stream of being as if—

'Tis not all of life to live,

so that when the inevitable hour comes we shall find that—

'Tis not all of death to die.

Address of Mr. Sapp, of Iowa.

Mr. Speaker: In the death of Hon. Frank Welch, to whose memory I would to-day pay a brief tribute, we are called upon to mourn the loss of a truly good man. When we met in this Hall at the beginning of this session of Congress I am sure the thought was present to each of us that one of our number was not here, that one seat had been made vacant, and it was then as now hard to realize that one so young, so full of hope and honorable ambition when we separated a few short months before, had crossed that narrow line that divides time from eternity, and that his youthful form and face would be seen by us no more forever. It is proper that this House suspend its deliberations upon public affairs at this time that we may offer fitting and appropriate tribute to the memory of one so recently associated with us.

It was my privilege, Mr. Speaker, to know Mr. Welch long and well. I met him first in the year 1860, when, a wanderer from my old Ohio home in search of health, I found the home of my adoption on the green prairies of the West. In the intervening years a kind Providence has permitted me to form many warm friendships, but there are none I recall more fondly than his. It is not my purpose now to speak in detail of the life and character of our lamented friend, though his short career furnishes much for a lengthy eulogy. His most prominent characteristics were, I think, sound discretion, clear discernment, good common-sense, great honesty of purpose, and

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indomitable energy, and I believe had he been permitted to pass through the vicissitudes of a long life he would have met and manfully fulfilled all the duties allotted to him. He inspired all who knew him with confidence in his honesty, integrity, and honor, and compelled the concession that he was both just and generous. Guided by his high sense of justice, his reasoning faculties rarely failed him in the attainment of truth, which was with him the controlling principle in both public and private life. He was, doubtless, not without a commendable desire for worldly distinction; but that desire was always subordinate to his convictions of right. With these admirable endowments were happily blended the kindlier affections of the heart that endeared him to his friends, and made him in private life the valuable citizen, the affectionate husband and father, and the devoted friend.

Mr. WELCH was a native of Massachusetts, and was born on the historic ground of Bunker Hill, February 10, 1835, and was therefore at the time of his death in the forty-fourth year of his age. By the death of his father in the tender years of his infancy he was left to the care of his remaining parent, who happily for him was one of New England's most capable and devoted mothers. She survives her lamented son and is doubtless comforted in her great bereavement that many of her fondest hopes for him were realized before his early summons came. He received his education in the public schools of his native State, graduating at the high school of Boston. He chose the profession of civil engineering, and in this capacity was intrusted with several important surveys in the West, after which he settled in Nebraska, making it his home from 1857 until his death. In his new home he held many places of trust, among which were register of the United States land office and member of the legislative council, and by which body he was elected as its presiding officer. In every station he was called upon to fill he was distinguished for his devotion to the cause of truth and justice.

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Those who sat with him in the committee-room here will long remember the care with which he gave his counsels and the clearness with which he explained them. His fidelity and accuracy were nowhere more manifest.

But, sir, he has fallen almost at the threshold of his career, and while lamenting that the years of one so full of promise could not have been prolonged, yet as he never faltered by the way, and has left us so much of good example in the work of his short life so well and faithfully performed, we can scarce find it in our hearts to repine that he has gone to his rest. We would not again revive the busy brain nor again renew the throbbing of that large and generous heart; we would not disturb the repose in which he sleeps; but if in the solemnity of this call of one whom many of us knew so well we can rightly appreciate what such a dispensation is calculated to impart, if it shall teach us to realize the comparative insignificance of earthly things, if it shall enable us to feel that this transitory life, this brief sojourn here is but a step in the series of infinite existences, a mere harbor where we furl our sails before we launch upon the great ocean of eternity; if we can more justly estimate ourselves and appreciate the duties which each day devolve upon us, then we shall have learned from this melancholy event the beneficent lesson which in the goodness of Divine Providence it was designed to impart.

For him, time and earth have passed away; he has departed in the meridian of his manhood, in the midst of the glowing hopes of a successful life, like a vigorous tree cut down in the wealth of its summer bloom ere the bright green of a single leaf had been seared by the blight of autumn.

ADDRESS OF MR. WIGGINTON, OF CALIFORNIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: There is a maxim which had struck its roots deep into the hearts and consciences of men before Jesus Christ uttered

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the divine charities on the mountains; before the founders of the Academy taught the Athenians the precepts of noble living; before Confucius, far remote in the denser obscurities of antiquity, illustrated the civilization of his time by the doctrines of peace on earth and good-will to men:

Of the dead speak nothing but good.

Eulogy of the dead is the consecrated privilege and duty of the living. This venerated custom of the House of Representatives—these appointed tributes to the memory of our associates who go out from among us forever to join the innumerable and eternal procession, are not so shallow and artificial as to belong merely to the dull and spiritless dignities of a deliberative assembly. They are not rendered in obedience to the cold and stately aphorisms of philosophy. They have their source where is the richest and most exquisite nourishment of the virtues of human character—in the deeper sympathies of the human heart.

But, Mr. Speaker, standing in the presence of the dead, were the sentiment "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" not an imperative intuition; were it not the common instinct of our common nature; or were this the occasion for just and exact or critical estimate of character and conduct, I would still be able to speak of our deceased coworker and fellow-member, FRANK WELCH, nothing but good.

Circumstances did not permit my acquaintance with Mr. WELCH to be that of intimate personal and social relationship. Amid the very large membership on this floor, and in the responsible and engrossing duties of his constituents which press upon each of us whenever this House is not in immediate session on affairs of public service, it is possible for one member to cultivate with few of his fellows the appreciation of many admirable personal traits, and to acquire with very few of them that closer insight into qualities of mind and heart which are developed in the habitual intercourse of friend with friend.

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But, sir, in the division of labor which the organization of this body requires for the accomplishment of its work, in the special division of duty to which our brother, so startlingly stricken from our midst, was assigned, I knew him well. We of the Committee of Public Lands all knew him with the most unhesitating confidence in and respect for his character and abilities as a man, and with a most cordial regard inspired by his genial and gracious temper as an associate. In the brief course of his parliamentary career, if he did not belong to the conspicuous few who compel our admiration for the brilliant intrepidity and force, alertness and power of intellect which achieve the leadership of tumultuous debate, he had yet taken his assured place among those who are marked for sturdy independence and self-reliance of thought, conscientious inquiry for truth, and a high standard of determination and action, qualities scarcely less valuable, though less resplendent, in him who serves the people in this Hall.

FRANK WELCH came from one of the farther Western States, and in him was exemplified that strong type of manhood, courageous without display, inflexible but kindly, which belongs to the people who have prepared that vast territory lying midway of the continent to be the seat of political empire in this great Union of States. It is there where exists the most powerful identity of interest between the different sections of the Republic; it is there where is the greatest homogeneity, the closest amalgamation of the varying classes of American character; and there the American people find themselves most kindred. Within that great region the Pacific coast holds its fraternal clasp with the Atlantic borders; through its coalescing power the South must be made one with the East; in the broad sweep of that hardy and prolific interior are founded the mightiest and most enduring columns which support the Federal Union. Our deceased friend and brother was the representative of a people among whom the love of country is a plant of native and luxuriant growth; a free and patriotic people of commanding physical and intellectual strength

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I have spoken his warmest praise when I have said he was fit to represent such a people, and that he well and faithfully discharged his service to them.

Mr. Speaker, the bolt which struck him down was a calamity to his household; of all bereavements the most terrible, because so swift and instantaneous. Within that sacred shrine of grief I do not enter but for a moment with bowed head and with sympathy for the sorrow thus denied the sad consolation of such holy memories as surround the death-bed of husband and father. Upon us of this Chamber this death fell with the shock which for an instant stills the pulses of the living whenever death comes unheralded and unannounced. An hour ago, erect and vigorous manhood, warm life, sanguine health! Now, the prostrate form rigid in the embrace of death! Suddenly, in one moment, the grim monster stalks within this Chamber—has come, has passed, has gone! Who next?

Why do I allude to these things? Why in pronouncing some brief words of tribute to the honorable memory of our departed friend and brother to be engrafted on the records of this body of which he was an able and earnest member, do I suggest these reflections on the manner of his death? Because, sir, I wish to be understood as approaching the following thought with that awe and reverence which it befits mortals to feel when they contemplate that which lies beyond this life. This so swift taking-off—this so sudden plunge even into the solemn mysteries which lie within the veil that hides eternity from mortal vision—is it to him for whom the message comes the least acceptable of all forms of death? I venture to think not. The ordeal must once be passed. A painless death is most to be desired. To die even while the senses are yet keen and the physical and mental powers able to participate with energy in the active duties and engagements of life is not a thought so repulsive that men should shrink from it with dread.

Intense suffering may break down the will and repress the courage

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of brave men, but the certain prospect of death often inspires with fortitude, something of that fortitude and constant purpose of mind which distinguished a chieftain known to fame wherever Scottish annals are read. Dying, the Bruce willed that his heart should be borne on a pilgrimage to the holy sepulcher, and to Douglas he intrusted the execution of this religious command. In a southern defile that Scottish chieftain, accompanied by a small band of retainers of his own household, encountered a dense mass of hostile spears. To cut through that deep array not even Douglas might hope. But flight or retreat he scorned. Halting for the charge, he unslung from his neck the golden casket which contained the relic of his dead sovereign, and hurling it far over the outermost ranks of the enemy, his mighty voice rang out as with the slogan of bloody Bannockbawn—

Go! heart of Bruce, as was thy wont, into the very center of thy foes, and Douglas follow!

Our deceased brother possessed the noble characteristics of that chieftain who courted death in the performance of his promises and duty, as our brother met it. Could I say more? His memory must ever be cherished by those who knew him—most by those who knew him best. He lived so that he could meet death with all its consequences, as he did meet it, without notice. Would that all of us may so live.

Address of Mr. Patterson, of Colorado.

Mr. Speaker: I cannot but feel sad when I realize that death has stricken down in the vigor of manhood a steadfast friend. Between the departed and myself there were ties that could not well exist between others. We stood upon this floor representing States whose borders joined, and each was without a colleague from his common-

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wealth to whom he could look for aid or sympathy in hours of trial. The history of our two States was almost a common one. Beyond the Missouri, within the manhood of the youngest member of this body, they have been seized from countless ages of silence and vacancy, and by the same class of people, exercising like courage, enduring like hardships, meeting and conquering like dangers, have been placed in the group of State republics that make up the model government of the world.

Upon several occasions we had conversed upon the phenomena presented in the representation of our States in the American Congress. In the less numerous body, representing the autonomy and equality of the States, these two younger sisters of the Republic were upon an equality with the oldest and greatest in the family; while in the greater body, representing the people, where greater difficulties are in the way of the individual member, they were accorded but one Representative. Many times, after we had been struggling before the committee or upon the floor for recognition of our needs and a concession of our rights, have we deplored to each other the small returns for our efforts so largely owing to the lack of strength which a numerous delegation gives to each member of it.

I never met Mr. WELCH to know him until the second session of this Congress. It was after I was assigned to the Committee on Public Lands that our association commenced; and in the intimacy which committee duties beget I learned to admire the plain and strong manhood of the Representative from Nebraska. He was one of the few men of sterling merit, with sturdy and sensible views upon every public subject, with a vigorous individuality, who are content to allow an entire Congress to pass without claiming the attention of the House beyond the few minutes necessary for the explanation of some particular measure vital to their constituency.

In the committee-room his store of knowledge and clear views upon every phase of every question pertaining to our public lands made

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him an oracle to us all. Educated as a civil engineer, serving for several years as a register of a land district in Nebraska, having traversed the plains, the mountains, the parks and valleys of the vast interior of our continent, none was more qualified to advise upon any question pertaining to them. This fact every member of our committee recognized; and if the measures which have passed into laws through the portals of our committee-room could speak, they would tell of his skillful workmanship upon every line.

I met him last at the city of Omaha, on his way to his home at the close of the last session. He had preceded me by several days, and when I joined him he was buoyant with the anticipations of the future. His desire had been to be returned to the next Congress. Aspirants for his place had arisen during his absence, and before reaching Omaha he feared some one of them might be successful; but when we met that fear had vanished. In recognition of his valued services all competition had retired, and he felt assured of the coveted renomination without opposition. After we separated, the heat and absorption of the political campaign stopped communication. During it he passed from earth, called by a voice that must be heeded, and that will reach the ears of us all only too soon.

Mr. Speaker, I can truly say that I loved FRANK WELCH as sincerely as I ever loved one whom I had known for so short a time. He was a true type of the moral and heroic man. Without brilliancy; laying no claim to forensic power; with nothing but his worth, his pluck, his energy, his moral uprightness, and recognized devotion to the welfare of the people of his State, he was chosen by them as their Representative in the American Congress, and he was in truth the representative of all the manly virtues that have made his constituency men among men the wide world over. The commonwealth of Nebraska may send men of greater talent to this Hall; such may in the future give to her the fame that Clay has given to Kentucky or Webster to Massachusetts, but she will never send a Representa-

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tive with more sincere convictions, a higher standard of manhood, or a greater devotion to his public duties than were possessed by FRANK WELCH, the man to whose memory this House to-night pays tribute.

ADDRESS OF MR. TIPTON, OF ILLINOIS.

Mr. SPEAKER: I desire to add my tribute of respect to the memory of FRANK WELCH, and to unite my sympathy with that of the people of Nebraska, who mourn the loss of a true citizen and Representative. At the meeting of the extra session of this Congress Mr. WELCH was to me a stranger. I soon, however, formed his acquaintance, and from that time until his death we were true friends. Mr. WELCH was modest and unassuming in his manners, and I apprehend that he formed but few acquaintances during his service in this House. By reference to the Congressional Record of the first session of this Congress we find that he was elected to the Forty-fifth Congress from the State of Nebraska as a Republican, and I have no doubt that he would have been re-elected to the Forty-sixth Congress had he not been stricken down in death. Mr. WELCH was comparatively a young man; he was full of promise and full of hope.

Born in the State of Massachusetts, in early life he took the advice of a great statesman and went West, settling in the Territory of Nebraska. He loved his people, and the great aim of his political life seemed to be how best to advance the interests of the people of the State that he had the honor to represent. He was liberal in his views, yet firm for the right as he understood the right. His many virtues and acts endeared him to all who became thoroughly acquainted with him. Just at the close of the last session I had a long talk with him about his State and the labor of representing and looking after the interests of an entire State embracing such a vast territory and such varied interests, and it is to the constant strain upon his mind and

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the constant fear that something would be left undone which ought to be done that I attribute, at least in part, his death.

Mr. Speaker, I think I may truly say that Mr. WELCH was a model man in many respects. In his motives and purposes in political life we read the advanced interests of a common country, and in his private life a kind husband, father, and neighbor. To some extent I was familiar with his purposes and hopes, and to say that he was not ambitious would be untrue; but, on the contrary, his great ambition was to represent his State with honor to the State and credit to himself. He loved liberty, and believed that it could be best maintained by sound and wholesome laws judiciously enacted.

Mr. WELCH was not a man to become excited; he was careful, calm, and deliberate in all his purposes.

Mr. Speaker, I shall ever cherish with pride my recollections of and acquaintance with Mr. WELCH, and shall ever remember him as a true friend; and by a true friend I mean a man who is willing and in fact anxious to assist his friends at all times and under all circumstances. FRANK WELCH loved liberty and hated oppression in all its forms, and in this he was the fit representative of the pioneer people who in behalf of freedom settled the Territory of Nebraska.

I believe had he lived that his services would have been of great value to the people of his State. But FRANK WELCH is no more—stricken down in death in the very prime of life and the early morning of his usefulness. It is well known by members upon this floor that a new member of this House quiet and unassuming as was Mr. WELCH can make but little public demonstration at the first session or in fact in the first Congress, and that during the first session at least he would form but few acquaintances, and for this reason I feel that many members upon this floor did not form an intimate acquaintance with him during his service as a member of this House; yet I think I may safely say that those who did form his acquaintance regarded him as a high-minded and an accomplished gentleman.

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Mr. Speaker, the number of deaths in this Congress has been the subject of comment and newspaper articles all over the land, yet we heed it not. Members come and go from this Capitol with the same unconcern that they would if death was unknown in the Republic. The world simply notes the fact. The death of Mr. Morton and of Mr. Bogy, two distinguished members of the Senate, and seven members of this House—Quinn, WELCH, Leonard, Williams, Douglas, Hartridge, and Schleicher—at the close of this Congress will have passed into history. Their public services, however, have made an impress upon the country that will not be forgotten. The death-roll of the Forty-fifth Congress will ever be remembered by us as one remarkable in the world's history. It is but the repetition of the lesson that death is no respecter of persons or position in life.

The great harvester comes and reaps withersoever he will. One generation passes away and in quick succession another follows. One man dies and another is ready to take his place. Thus in quick succession does generation follow generation, so that it is impossible to discern the dividing line between the present and the past or the present and the future.

Mr. Speaker, I regard as the most wonderful fact in all nature that it is not vouchsafed to man to know when, how, or under what circumstances he will meet death. There is not a man in all this Republic who, if he knew that within a certain number of years from this time he must meet death, would not, to some extent at least, determine to change his habits of life. Yet we know the fact that all men must die, and that many like Mr. WELCH will be stricken down in the prime of their manhood almost without warning.

On coming to this Capitol we behold, on Pennsylvania avenue, a funeral procession. We stop a moment and inquire, "Who is dead?" We are told by a passer-by; we again pause a moment and wonder at its magnificenee and grandeur, and pass on. And before we reach this Capitol the fact is blotted from our memories, only to be recalled

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by the recollection of the magnificence of the procession. Again and again are we reminded that death is in the land, but we heed it not.

That terrible scourge known as yellow fever during the past summer converted great commercial cities into cities of mourning. Moving commerce upon the streets gave way to the funeral procession. Almost one-half of this the fairest land on earth was dressed in mourning. But a few months have passed away, yet I fear this terrible lesson is fast fading in our memories. And when this generation shall have passed away, the fact will be read and known only by the student of medicine or the historian.

The death-roll of this Congress is confined to no locality in the Republic, but on the contrary it reaches from the Hudson to the Rio Grande. Nine States of this Republic are in mourning for the loss of distinguished men, and the nation mourns the loss of the combined efforts for good of these men who have passed away. The great reaper, in the selection of his own, seems to have selected the noble ones of the assembled Representatives of the people. It is fitting that we, the members of this Congress, shall ever cherish in our memories the kindest feelings for those who have died since its organization.

Mr. Speaker, it is in this spirit that the Constitution throws its protecting shield around the home of every man in the land. It is in this spirit that the Constitution binds the graves of these fallen Representatives under one flag and one government. It is this spirit that it is hoped will bind together the people of the Republic by a tie stronger than acts of Congress or constitutions. It is in this spirit that we hope to conform legislation of the country to the deliberate judgment of the people. It was this that FRANK WELCH hoped for. While it is true that he did not live to see all accomplished that he desired, yet I believe he did live to see the commencement of the new era, the adjustment of all legislation to the demands and necessities of the people. It is my belief, as it was that of Mr. WELCH,

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that we have reached a period in human progress when just and humane laws, honestly and fairly enforced, will meet the approval of the people in every part of the country.

Mr. Speaker, I am one of those who believe that neither states nor republics are, in the long run, ungrateful. I believe that in this country, sooner or later, in all cases, merit will receive its reward. In the case of FRANK WELCH it has been prompt. To-day Nebraska awards to him the honor of approval of his official acts, and the nation to-day tenders to his widow and children by these memorial services the heart-felt sympathy of the nation.

I desire to place upon record to go down to history my judgment that he was one of the good men of this land; that every purpose, every object of his life was for the good of the people; that he had no motive, no purpose which in his judgment would injure any man on the face of this earth, but on the contrary his life was devoted to the good of all.

While, as I said a moment ago, the Congressional Directory gives us no information as to any official positions that he held prior to his election to this House, yet I am advised that he had held important official positions in the Territory of Nebraska. I apprehend that the judgment of all who knew FRANK WELCH is that he was the noblest work of God—an honest man.

ADDRESS OF MR. CONGER, OF MICHIGAN.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is with great pleasure that I find I have the opportunity, although unexpected, to join on this occasion with my colleagues in paying a brief tribute of respect to the memory of one of our members who came among us for a short time and made himself known to us in these halls during that brief period as a sterling, energetic, and faithful member of this House.

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It was my fortune during most of the time that he was a member here to occupy a seat in the Hall so near him that I could observe the whole course of his Congressional life upon this floor. He was a constant attendant upon the sessions of this body. He was faithful in season and out of season in the performance of all the duties which might be required of a member of this House.

When I parted with him at the close of the session prior to his death I little thought that he, so young, apparently so vigorous, so full of life and hope and ambition, moderated as it was by his innate modesty, would be the first to be called from our number to go down to the silent halls of death.

I knew little of our friend's history. He was not communicative of his own personal history and of his own personal desires or ambition. I learned that he was born in New England, and passed his youthful days in that city of our Union which claims for itself the highest rank in literary and scientific culture; that while young, just entering upon the active duties of life, pursuing, as I understand, his occupation of engineering, he passed from that Athens of America out westward and westward, crossing rivers, crossing States, going far on, seeking his home and a place for the development of his genius. The scene of his labors was in a new State, twenty years ago, perhaps then a Territory, in which there were few comforts or luxuries or refinements of life; a country then traversed in part by savage tribes; a territory over which roamed the buffalo in immense herds, as yet unscared by the presence of man. To such a region our young friend, in his ambition and his hope, went to find a home for himself. In a new land, amid scenes stretching out upon the broad plains of Nebraska, beyond the Mississippi, beyond the Missouri, he sought his home.

Sir, if there be anything that is grateful to my mind in looking over the institutions of my beloved land, it is, that whatever may be the rank or sphere of life in which one is born, under whatever circum-

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stances his early life may have begun, the goddess of these institutions takes every youth by the hand, gives him education, gives him hope, gives him courage, gives him emulation, and, above all, gives him the example of a long and splendid line of illustrious men, from the very beginning of our government down to the present time, who like himself enjoyed no advantages of birth or education, no assistance of powerful and influential friends, but who have had solely the surrounding influences of these free institutions of our land, which extend to the humblest and the poorest the same help that they extend to the wealthiest and the mightiest among us. These institutions bid the youth enter on that royal highway which education, which industry, which patient seeking may find out—that royal road to the hearts of his fellow-men, to distinction among them to office if office be his desire, to wealth if wealth be his ambition, to the means of doing good to his fellow-men if to do good to his fellow-men be within his heart. It is these institutions of our country that enable every child of the land to rise, if he will, to usefulness, to eminence, to high positions of trust, to the confidence and esteem of his fellow-men, as by far the larger number of our most distinguished statesmen, civilians, and lawyers have risen by the aid of these institutions from poverty and obscurity to fill the most honored places within the gift of the nation.

Mr. WELCH was an example of the beneficial effects of such institutions and such training. To him it mattered not whether he remained in the State of his birth, surrounded with luxuries, surrounded with culture, surrounded with all that could excite emulation and ambition in his heart, or whether he went off to the broad prairie as the field of his labor, or to the great forest as the scene of his toil. It is enough for us to know that going off into a far-off land, and as I have learned going there a stranger with no one to uphold him, to introduce him, to push on his fortunes, he gained so far the good-will, the kindly feeling, the confidence of all the people of that Territory

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that they promoted him to places of honor and of trust, that they reposed in this young man a confidence which is rarely reposed in older, wiser, and more experienced men.

I have met many people of that State; I have seen them here and met them elsewhere, and I never have heard any other expression of sentiment from any with whom I have been acquainted than that FRANK WELCH, their Representative in Congress, had the high esteem, the absolute confidence, and the kindest regards of all the people of that State.

Sir, Mr. WELCH did not occupy in this House a position which some covet; a position of strife, and antagonism, and ambition to lead or to oppose. But his position was that of a patient, earnest, pains-taking worker—laborious, as I have been informed, in commit tee, in the examination of all questions submitted to him; earnest, as we all know, in every matter affecting the interests of the constituency he so ably represented. I think, sir, that amid all the disputes and wranglings within this Hall there is no member of this House that ever did or ever could entertain for a moment one unkind thought, ever did or ever could speak one unkind word, of our departed friend for anything and all things which he did or neglected to do in these halls. How few of us can say that of ourselves! How few of us deserve that it should be said of us by others!

Mr. Speaker, our friend Mr. WELCH, whatever he may have failed to do, however his ambition may not have reached its height, whatever feelings he may have had in his spiritual experiences, could say of himself as Abou Ben Adhem said: "Then write me down as one who loved his fellow-men." Genial, warm-hearted, gentle, kindly, inoffensive, pleasant, and agreeable in all the relations of life, those who knew him were won to him by that loving, kindly, generous nature of his. He loved his fellow-men, and his fellow-men loved him; and many hearts were grieved, almost startled, when the news first reached them that our quiet friend had passed from among the liv-

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ing and was numbered with those who had gone from these halls forever.

I had not expected to have the opportunity to express my views and my sincere regard for our departed friend. Those who have known him through this life, those who are more intimately acquainted with his inner nature than myself, all describe him in language I would like to describe him in. All speak of him in such terms of regret and kindness and affection as I have felt for him, and as I should like to describe my feelings in regard to him to-night. I have said these things because toward our friend I had all these kindly feelings and I would pay this passing tribute to his memory as that of a friend to a friend.

Address of Mr. Wright, of Pennsylvania.

We know that moons shall wane
And summer birds from far shall cross the sea;
But who shall tell us when to meet with death?

Our deceased friend was a stranger to me until I met him in this Chamber. I never knew him until I knew him in my relations with him on the Committee on Public Lands. As has already been said of him, he was faithful to the discharge of the duties which were incident to the work which was necessary to be done on that committee. I supposed him a man of excellent health; I believed that he was, and in my intercourse with him I never heard of any complaint with regard to any physical disability. But in his youth he was cut down; and why it is, sir, that men of the physical strength and power and youth and manhood of our departed friend should be called hence, when men like myself, who have reached their three score and ten, are permitted to live and move on, is one of the inscrutable things which the providence of God alone can reveal.

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I attended, Mr. Speaker, the memorial services of Henry Clay. They were conducted in the Senate Chamber. It was long ago. I was present at the memorial services that occurred on the death of John Quincy Adams. It was long ago. But these men of whom I speak had reached the period that revelation says is the limit of men's life. They were rich golden sheaves that the reaper gathered up. Their time had come, and he had a right to exult in the bounty of the harvest that he had gathered.

I was in this House, sir, when the memorial services were bestowed on that eminent and great man, Stephen A. Douglas. He, too, according to our mode and method of estimation of human life, went before his time; but when he left this earth a great man had stepped out of the legislative and social relations of life, but not so prematurely as our friend whose funeral *cortege* we are conducting now.

I would like, Mr. Speaker, to have learned more with regard to the character of Mr. WELCH than I know, because in my intercourse with him I found him a man possessing those traits of character which dignify and exalt human nature—qualities of the heart, sir, that after all is said are the standard by which we are to estimate not only human greatness but human perfection.

I stood in the Thirty-seventh Congress at the same desk that I am speaking from now. A colleague of ours had died. He was a stranger to me. I knew but little of him, merely a speaking, casual acquaintance. My associates requested me to take part in the proceedings which were to be had on that memorial occasion. I replied to them that I knew so little of the man I should not know what to state if I rose to speak on the occasion. It was remarked, however, that I was the senior member of the delegation from the State, and they expected me to say something with regard to the deceased. I sat in my seat, reserving the privilege of concluding what had to be said, and during the remarks which were made one of my associates, who had attended his funeral and burial, made use of the remark

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that the town in which he lived in Pennsylvania had literally turned out to his funeral. The concourse was immense; men, women, and children were about the bier of the dead man, and not only that, but there seemed to be a general feeling of woe throughout the little community in which he lived. They had all come to pay the last token of regard to Dr. Cooper, their Representative in Congress, who lay in the coffin before them. Upon that hint I rose and spoke. That furnished me with a theme, and it gave rise, sir, to this train of thought: that after all we must judge of a man's character and the excellency of his heart from the estimation in which he is held by the people who are about him and with whom he moves daily. If he has endeared himself to the people who were in close proximity to him; if he has their praise and their regards and esteem, that is the standard by which we are to measure the qualities of the human heart, and esteem the human character.

My friend, the eloquent John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, occupied the third seat from where I stand now upon that memorable occasion. After the adjournment of the House, and in a conversation with me, he said: "My friend, you have taught me an important matter to-night." "Ah, sir; what is that?" "You have fixed a standard by which you measure human perfection, new to me, but which I shall remember to the end of my days."

Now, sir, Mr. WELCH was a man who had these amiable qualities which were calculated not to repel but to bring men to him. He sympathized with his big heart in the troubles and disasters and the strange state of things that exist in the country at this moment.

Sir, in talking with him upon the subject of the distress of this land I have seen tears roll from his eyes, but they were gems always from what you may call the great ebullition that comes from a full heart, and from a noble, generous mind, and from an exalted manhood.

As has been said of him, he was not a man who took a prominent place in conducting the affairs of this House and the legislation that

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was intrusted to him—not a prominent part; but, sir, he had judgment; he had discretion; and he generally came to a correct conclusion, as has been already remarked by the gentlemen who have preceded me, with regard to the nature of the business that he had in hand.

He was not great, but, sir, he was good. Greatness without goodness is a myth.

A man may be a great statesman; he may be a distinguished general; he may have commanded armies, and may have won triumphant victories; he may be great as a philosopher; he may be great in the various and multiplied pursuits and occupations of life; but if he does not unite goodness with it he does not come up to my standard of greatness. It is the heart that heals the woes of others that makes a great man in my estimation, in forming my opinion.

If men could be great and good as were the two distinguished men whose images grace the walls of this Chamber, who are daily before you—great and good like them, then you may talk about human perfection, about greatness that only embodies the idea of self-elevation, or to occupy positions that shall command the admiration of the world. That greatness, sir, dwindles into insignificance and nothing compared with the man of charitable emotions and of a noble heart, that can reach and take in the whole woes of others.

Sir, it affords me great satisfaction to speak in the manner in which I do and apply these great principles to the modest, retiring man who but yesterday was among us and with us, but who now has left us forever. It elates me to talk in this way of one of my associates. I know that his heart was in the right channel; I know that his sympathies reached the great human family; I know that no man felt more keenly the wants and necessities which exist through this land than the man whose memorial services we have met on this occasion to conduct. So much I learned with regard to our colleague here from an acquaintance of some four or five months, but having talked

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with him familiarly, and having learned the bent of his mind, and the noble, generous heart that he possessed—having learned these things, you do not know how much I really regarded and respected that man while living; you do not know how much I feel this loss now that he is dead.

He was not great in the sense of the word that we consider greatness. He was good to a fault, and I hold him up—his exalted character—I hold him up with regard to those kind qualities of heart, as a man whose course among us is to be followed as a model for imitation.

We do not know men, sir, until we come in close contact with them. There may be many other men who are members in this Hall who come up to the standard that I have described. We do not know them. We come here as party men, and there is a space of some four or five feet between us that separates us. Will it always be so? Is there no millenium—no political millenium? We come here identified with party. We form our associates too often with our own party men, unless accident brings us in close contact with those of the opposite party, as accident in the line of my official duty here brought me in contact with Mr. WELCH.

I only wish I could be brought more often in contact with men differing from me in political affinities, if they could be the kind of men that this man who has left us proved himself to be.

Now, sir, I have in this desultory way thrown out some few general ideas of my estimate of human character which was eminently possessed by our departed friend. If his life could have been spared it might have been for the benefit of mankind. But who is to say that the decree of God is not right? Who is to take exceptions to it? Who is to quibble at it?

These things occur around us daily, and we think of them, perhaps, but not so much as we ought. It is not within the scope of human intellect to answer the inquiries I have made. It is well that

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it is not so, because otherwise it might produce effects that would be detrimental not only to the men who live but to the friends who surround them.

I bade adieu in this Chamber to a friend who in life was very near to me. I hope that in the future these Halls may be filled with men who possess the heart, who have the ability, who have the judgment that he had who has gone hence forever. Peace to his ashes.

Address of Mr. Cain, of South Carolina.

Mr. Speaker: Four years have passed since I first entered this Hall. During that time I have listened with deep feeling to the tributes paid here to the many eminent men that the insidious reaper, Death, has taken from our midst. It has never been my privilege until now to utter a sentence or a word in connection with the departure of any member of this House.

At this time, however, I feel prompted to utter a sentiment in harmony I hope with the sentiments which have been uttered by the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded me. I come to pay a tribute of respect to the departed dead. I come to mingle my sympathies and, if I may be allowed to say so, the sympathies of my race with your sympathies for the bereavements which this House of Congress has suffered, and which have befallen the States from whence came these departed Representatives.

Men are known by their lives, and their labors furnish the best evidence of their worth to the communities from which they came, and the States they represented, and the nation whose citizens they were. The deeds, the labors of the distinguished departed, are to us the best evidence of their worth and their value.

The gentlemen who have preceded me in these eulogies have aptly described the character and the services of him who has gone. It

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was not my pleasure to be familiarly associated with him on committees of this House, or to have any intimate social relation with him other than as a fellow-member on this floor. But I regard it as but right, when death comes into this Hall, that each member should necessarily feel the bereavement. Each of us is reminded then there will come a time when we, like our fallen comrades, must take our departure.

The fact that the State of Nebraska had trusted Mr. WELCH with the care of her interests in this Hall is indeed one of the evidences of his value to that State and his worth to the people he represented. The labors which he performed upon the committees of this House, his deportment among his fellow-members, are the highest encomiums that can be paid to him and his worth as a Representative and a citizen.

The confidence which the State of Nebraska reposed in Mr. WELCH must indeed be to us the best evidence of the regard in which he was held at home, and of his value to the community in which he lived, of his moral and social worth to the State which he had the honor to represent here. The best evidence of his high value comes to us from the arduous labors in which he was engaged and the honorable manner in which he discharged all his duties.

Mr. Speaker, in this Hall we all meet upon one common level. I therefore come, and I may be pardoned for the allusion, to present on this occasion the sympathy of a race of men who hitherto have had but little representation on this floor. I want the nation to know that those with whom I am identified, the constituency whom I represent on this floor, feel a common sympathy with all that affects the interests of this great country. No member of this House can be smitten down by the hand of death but we partake of the sorrow which his loss causes the nation.

When any one State loses an honorable representative, the constituency that I represent feel a common sympathy with that State in its

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bereavement. When the nation suffers the loss of one of its great and good men, we as a part of that nation claim the privilege of paying our tribute of respect and honor at the shrine of his memory.

Sir, death is the common lot of all men; none too high, none too low but must pass in the same solemn train. It is ours as statesmen, as citizens, to recognize the importance of this great truth; that whatever may be the aspirations of men, whatever may be their attainments here on earth, there must come a time when their earthly career shall be cut short and they shall be carried to that bourne from whence none may return.

Upon the altar of sorrow I come now to pour out my sympathy and the sympathy of those whom I represent. I come to tender to this nation the sympathy of a heart that feels whatever loss this nation may suffer, whatever loss a State may sustain. We join in common with our fellow-citizens in paying our tribute of respect to the memory of him who has gone, and of expressing our sympathy with the State and the nation in its loss, and to implore the blessings of Heaven upon all our common country.

The resolutions offered by Mr. MAJORS were then agreed to unanimously; and in accordance therewith (at nine o'clock and ten minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

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PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

A message from the House of Representatives by Mr. GEORGE M. ADAMS, its Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Mr. FRANK WELCH, late a member of the House from the State of Nebraska, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

FEBRUARY 25, 1879.

Mr. PADDOCK. Mr. President, I call up the resolutions of the House of Representatives of respect to the memory of the late Hon. FRANK WELCH, member of the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

February 21, 1879.

Resolved, That this House has heard with profound regret of the death of Hon. FRANK WELCH, late a Representative from the State of Nebraska.

Resolved, That the House do now suspend the consideration of public business, in order to pay proper respect to the memory of the lamented deceased.

Resolved, That in token of regard for the memory of the lamented deceased the members of this House do wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

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Resolved, That the Clerk of the House do communicate these resolutions to the Senate of the United States.

Resolved, That out of further respect to the memory of the deceased this House do now adjourn.

Mr. PADDOCK. I send resolutions to the desk to be read.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate receives with sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. FRANK WELCH, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Nebraska, and tenders to the family and kindred of the deceased the assurance of sympathy under their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate be directed to transmit to the family of Mr. WELCH a certified copy of these resolutions.

ADDRESS OF MR. PADDOCK, OF NEBRASKA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I little thought when my late colleague of the House sat near me here listening to the eulogies pronounced in the memorial service for the lamented Morton that only a few months would pass until I should be summoned to speak in *his* funeral. Verily it hath been truly written, "In the midst of life we are in death." How often during the past year has this solemn admonition come to us. True, our own immediate brotherhood has been spared during these later months, but the shafts of death have fallen thick and fast among our brethren in the other House. One bereavement has followed another there in quick succession, until in very truth it hath become a House of mourning.

Mr. President, I shall not delay the Senate by an extended memorabilia of our lamented colleague, Representative WELCH. He was born on Bunker Hill, Charlestown, Massachusetts, February 10, 1835; was graduated at the Boston High School, and afterward specially

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educated and trained as a civil engineer. Soon after embarking in his profession the duties thereof called him into the West, and finally, while yet a very young man, in the year 1857, he established his home at Decatur, Nebraska. Mr. WELCH was a gentleman in the highest and broadest sense of the term—kind, gentle, generous, manly. As might naturally have been expected for a young man possessing such qualities of mind and heart, he rapidly advanced to the front in society, and in affairs in his county and section. He was very soon chosen to represent his district in the council or senate of the Territorial Legislature, and a little later was elected to the senate of the first Legislature chosen under the State organization, of which body he was made the presiding officer. He held other positions of honor and of trust under both the Federal and State Governments, and in 1876 was elected a member of the Forty-fifth Congress. He represented the largest Congressional district in the Union, both as respects territorial extent and population. He was alone in the other House from Nebraska—a State embracing an area of seventy-five thousand square miles, with a population of nearly four hundred thousand—a comparatively new State, having innumerable and varied interests in process of development, dependent largely upon Federal legislation and Federal executive administration for encouragement and protection.

There was put upon him the labor of three men, and by day and by night unceasingly he struggled through the protracted and exciting session of last year to do it all. Mr. WELCH was a man of great energy, industry, and pertinacity of purpose. He would do all required of him although he should know the effort would cost him his life; he did all, and as many another before him in like circumstances had done, he went prematurely to his grave. When the session closed, Mr. WELCH returned to his constituency very much worn and broken in health. He needed rest, but he took it not. At once he entered upon an active and an exceedingly laborious political

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canvass. His physical machinery could not endure the additional strain thus put upon it, and then the end came, soon and swift but pangless. In the evening of the 4th day of September, 1878, in a public meeting, in the midst of a numerous audience, composed largely of his political friends and admirers whom he was about to address, he was suddenly stricken and fell in instant death. His family—a fond mother, a devoted wife, and three loving children—were absent in a distant Eastern State, and no other of his kindred was present to close the eyes of him who thus in the prime of his manhood went down under a weight of life's burdens too heavy to be longer borne.

Mr. WELCH'S re-election was assured, and but for the failure of health resulting in his premature death, a career of continually increasing honor and usefulness would surely have been his. As a Representative he was honest, sagacious, and faithful to his convictions. In his relations with his constituency he was just, fair, and impartial toward all parties, factions, interests, and sections. As a colleague he was kind, generous, and considerate. I had known Mr. WELCH intimately during all his Nebraska life—nearly a quarter of a century—and I have the warrant that genuine friendship gives to speak of him. Standing before the bier upon which reposed his mortal remains, surrounded by his grief-stricken neighbors and friends, I declared in the sad ceremonial whence his body was born to its final resting-place, that during all these years of our intimacy FRANK WELCH had never to my knowledge, been guilty of an unkind, an ungenerous, an unmanly act. That declaration, sir, I here repeat. He scorned the low pursuits of malice. The ignoble sentiments of hatred and revenge found no lodgment in his breast, and moved him not even to retaliation for injuries, real or imaginary; while on the other hand every service, however difficult, every sacrifice, however painful, was cheerfully endured by him for the advancement, the protection of the interests of his friends.

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Such a man was FRANK WELCH, and such, sir, is the measure of our loss.

Mr. President, it was with no "hollow circumstance of woes," but as one sorrows for a brother lost, as a family in sackcloth mourns when the insatiate archer entering its charmed circle selects for his victim the favorite of the flock, that we, each and all, in the State he had loved so well and served so faithfully, did say peace and farewell to his ashes. At length they bore him from us, and now his ashes mingle with the soil of Massachusetts. To us, sir, who loved FRANK WELCH, and we all did love him; to us who labored with him from the smallest beginnings in the territorial time to the days of stalwart statehood for Nebraska, there is indeed left the bright record of his honorable citizenship, the proud monuments of his public service, the sweet memory of his personal graces, and of his frank and generous nature, the valued example of his earnest life; and these, sir, shall be ours evermore. Remembering this, sir, with such cheerfulness and resignation as we could command, we responded to the appeal of maternal affection and returned to Massachusetts the mortal casket—broken and useless to be sure—which once had held this priceless jewel. On behalf of the young State whose institutions FRANK WELCH helped to mould, I send greetings and grateful acknowledgments to Massachusetts for the valued services of this her son in our upbuilding. But remember, Senators of that grand old commonwealth, his ashes are ours as well as yours. You received them from us with our love and our tears; you gave them honored sepulture. Now guard them well, we pray you; for when the last trump shall sound, and they who died for liberty on Bunker Hill and the other patriots buried there shall then in glad obedience, come forth, no nobler spirit will appear than his whose life, commencing in that historic place, was mainly given to the work of development and civilization which resulted in the establishment of a free and prosperous commonwealth in the distant West, where only a little

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time before the Indian, undisturbed, "pursued the panting deer," and "the wild fox dug his hole unscared," in a land where no white man had ever dwelt and the arts of peace were unknown.

Address of Mr. Saunders, of Nebraska.

Mr. President: My colleague has left but little, if anything, for me to say in reference to the life and death of our late associate, Hon. Frank Welch. His personal acquaintance with the deceased was longer and perhaps more intimate than mine, and especially prior to his entering upon his official duties as a Representative in Congress; I therefore left it to my colleague to give, as he has so fully and well done—more ably than I could do—more of the particulars of the early business life and of the early trials and triumphs of our late friend. I had known Mr. Welch about seventeen years; and from the time of his election to the House to the time of his death I was on intimate terms with him, and was strongly impressed with his uniformly amiable disposition, kindness of heart, courteous demeanor, and his unfaltering fidelity to his public trusts.

He was possessed of a warm, genial nature and an unrestricted flow of friendship for his fellow-man, which secured for him in life a popularity truly enviable. And now that an early grave has closed over him, the people of our entire commonwealth mourn over his departure as though it were that of some near and dear relative.

The good and generous qualities of our human nature were blended in his character. He was resolute, courageous, and ardent in all of his pursuits. Unaided and alone he obtained place, and indeed was the architect of his own fortune. He came to Nebraska long before it was admitted into the Union as a State, and at once took part in giving shape to her public institutions and in preparing the Territory for the responsible position she was soon to occupy as one of the inde-

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pendent States of the Union. He represented his district for several sessions in the Territorial and State legislatures, and afterward held the arduous and responsible position of register of one of the United States land offices in Nebraska. Elected to Congress in the fall of 1876 and dying before his term of service had expired, he was thus prematurely prevented from filling the measure of his own aspirations and the hopes of the people who had confided in him their trusts.

There was much in the active life of Mr. WELCH that might well be emulated by the youth of our country, and which illustrates the adaptability of our republican institutions to the development of genius and the noble ambitions and high aspirations of men when directed in the interests and for the benefit of his fellow-men. At the early age of twenty-two he left his New England home and, following "the star of empire" with the compass and chain of the engineer, settled in Nebraska. And with an indomitable physical and intellectual energy, directed by great good sense and tempered with justice to all men, we have seen him rise from place to position until he stood an honored and useful member of Congress at large from the State of his adoption. To what higher eminence he might have attained in his brilliant career had he not been cut down in the bloom of manhood we can well imagine by the strong personal force with which he conquered success and the high esteem in which he was held by the people of his State.

He was strong in his convictions of right, and a decided party man, but there was a kindness and benignity about him that like polished armor turned aside all feelings of ill-will or animosity, and tended to disarm his opponents and turn them into friends.

It is a phase in our political character—a phase to be lamented and deprecated—for party antagonism to assail the private character and misrepresent the public acts of an official, and especially is this defamation unguarded and severe in the excitement and heat of a political campaign. There are but few men in public position, however

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chaste their lives, however pure their intentions, however disinterested their acts, who have not had hurled at them the poisoned arrows of partisan rancor. But the manly and generous qualities of our deceased friend were a shield to his character, and whatever may have been said against him in the heat of partisan anger was never cherished in the hearts of those who may have thus hastily spoken.

His political course was short and successful; labor and not words was what he relied upon for success; and no person, of whatever party, or however much they may have differed with him in opinion, ever doubted his intentions or failed to admire his fidelity to his party and his friends. His zeal in the performance of his duty kept him steadily at his post; and no movement, either of order or business, failed to attract his attention.

He was the first and only one of those who have been honored with a seat in the national council from the State of Nebraska who has departed hence for a world of peace; and yet he was the youngest of them all. He was cut down in the bloom and prime of his manhood, in the full possession of his intellectual powers, and has passed to that shadowy land from whence there is no return.

Mr. President, the record of the tomb is fast filling up with illustrious names. In the providence of an all-wise God a number of victims greater than is usual have been snatched by the hand of the dread destroyer from the councils of the nation during the present Congress. In the course of a very short service in this Chamber it has been my sad experience to witness with sympathizing sorrow an unusual number of occasions of this character, in memory of the departure of respected members of one or the other of the two Houses of Congress.

How impressively sad this warning, reminding us of the mutability of human life, of how powerless the earthly hands of love to save, and verifying in this case the saying that "in the midst of life we are in death"! Let these frequent admonitions, so solemn and awful, find a deep place in our hearts who yet remain behind.

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Our late associate has gone hence, sir, but his memory will survive, embalmed in the hearts of those who knew him and appreciated his manly qualities. He died, as he lived, deserving and possessing the warm-hearted esteem of many and the ill-will, I trust, of none. In private life in the State in which he lived he was respected, confided in, and beloved to a very remarkable degree; and I have never witnessed a community apparently more deeply impressed by the death of one of its number than in the exhibition of sorrow over the death of our deceased associate.

The integrity of his character, the soundness of his judgment, and the kindness of his heart were well attested by the confidence and affection bestowed upon him in his life and the intense sorrow with which his untimely death was deplored.

Let us commend the heart-stricken widow, the fatherless children, and the bereaved relatives and friends to the tender mercies and teachings of Him who doeth all things well, and who alone can heal the bruised heart and calm the whirlwind of grief in the afflicted soul.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions proposed by the Senator from Nebraska [Mr. PADDOCK].

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

Mr. SAUNDERS. As a further mark of respect to the deceased I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at five o'clock and thirty-eight minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned.

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